

THE
State of INNOCENCE:
Jane AND Armstrong 17
FALL of MAN,
AN
OPERA.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;



D U B L I N :

Printed by and for JAMES HOEY, at
the Pamphlet Shop in Skinner-Row, oppo-
site to the Tholsel, MDCCXXXI.

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THE
State of Innocence ;
AND
Fall of M A N, &c.

The first Scene represents a Chaos, or a confus'd Mass of Matter ; the Stage is almost wholly Dark. A Symphony of Warlike Musick is heard for some time ; then from the Heav'ns, (which are open'd) fall the Rebellous Angels, wheeling in the Air, and seeming transfix'd with Thunderbolts. The bottom of the Stairs being open'd, receives the Angels, who fall out of Sight. Tunes of Victory are plaide, and an Hymn Sung. Angels discover'd above, brandishing their Swords. The Musick ceasing, and the Heav'ns being closed, the Scene shifts, and on a sudden represents Hell. Part of the Scene is a lake of Brimstone, or rowling Fire ; the Earth of a burnt Colour. The fall'n Angels appear on the Lake, lying prostrate ; a Tune of Horror and Lamentation is heard.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Lucifer raising himself on the Lake.

Lucifer. **I**S this the Seat our Conqueror has given ?

I And this the Climate we must change
for Heaven ?

These Regions and this Realm my Wars have got ;
This mournful Empire is the Loser's Lot.

4 The State of INNOCENCE:

In Liquid Burnings, or on Dry to dwell,
Is all the sad variety of Hell.
But see the Victor has recall'd from far,
Th' avenging Storms, his Ministers of War ;
His Shafts are spent, and his tir'd Thunders sleep,
Nor longer bellow through the boundless Deep.
Best take th' occasion, and these Waves forsake
While time is given. Ho, *Asmoday*, awake,
If thou art he : But, ah ! How chang'd from him
Companion of my Arms ! How Wan ! How Dim !
How faded all thy Glories are ! I see
My self too well, and mine own Change in thee.

Asmoday. Prince of the Thrones, who in the field
of Light,

Led'st forth the imbattel'd Seraphims to Fight,
Who shook the Pow'r of Heav'n's Eternal State,
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate ;
But now those Hopes are fled : Thus low we lie,
Shut from this Day, and that contented Skie ;
And lost, as far as Heav'nly Forms can Die :
Yet not all perish'd, we defie him still,
And yet wage War with our unconquer'd Will.

Lucif. Strength may return,

Asm. Already of thy Virtue I partake,
Erected by thy Voice.

Lucif. ————— See on the Lake
Our Troops, like scatter'd Leaves in Autumn, lie ;
First, let us raise ourselves, and seek the dry,
Perhaps more easy Dwelling.

Asm. ————— From the Beach,
Thy well-known Voice, the sleeping Gods will read
And wake th' immortal Sense, which Thunder
Noise

Had quell'd, and Lightning deep had driven with
'em.

Lucif. With Wings expanded wide, ourselves will
rear,
And fly incumbent on the dusky Air.

He

hell, thy new Lord receive ;
Heav'n cannot envy me an Empire here.

[*Bath fly to dry Land,*

Afm. Thus far we have prevail'd ; if that be gain
which is but Change of Place, not change of Pain.
Now summon we the rest.

Lucif. Dominions, Pow'rs, ye Chiefs of Heav'n's
bright Host,

O Heav'ns, once Yours ; but now in Battle lost !)
Wake from your Slumbers : are your Beds of Down ?
Sleep you so easy there ; or fear the Frown
Him who threw you thence, and joys to see
our abject State confess his Victory ?
rise, rise, e'er from his Battlements he view
our prostrate Postures, and his Bolts renew,
to strike you deeper down.

Afm. They wake, they hear,
Wake off their Slumber first, and next their Fear.
And only for th' appointed Signal stay.

Lucif. Rise from the Flood, and higher wing
your Way.

Mol. from the Lake] Thine to command, our part
'tis to obey.

[*The rest of the Devils rise up, and fly to the Land,*

Lucif. So now we are ourselves again, an Host,
To tempt Fate once more, for what we lost.
To o'erleap th' Etherial Fence ; or if so high
we cannot climb, to undermine his Sky,
And blow him up, who justly rules us now,
Cause more Strong : Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again : 'Tis just to win
The highest Place ; t'attempt, and fail, is Sin.

Mol. Chang'd as we are, we're yet from Homage
free ;

We have, by Hell, at least gain'd Liberty :
What's worth our Fall ; thus low tho' we are driven,
Rather to Rule in Hell, than Serve in Heaven.

Lucif. There spoke the better Half of Lucifer !

Afm. 'Tis fit in frequent Senate we confer,

6 The State of INNOCENCE:

And then determine how to steer our Course ;
To wage new War by Fraud, or open Force.

The Doom's now past ; Submission were in vain.

Mol. And, were it not, such Baseness I disdain,
I would not stoop to purchase all above ;
And should contemn a Pow'r whom Pray'r cou
move,

As one unworthy to have conquer'd me.

Belzebub. Moloch, in that, all are Resolv'd like
thee

The means are unpropos'd ; but 'tis not fit ;
Our dark Divan in publick View shou'd fit ;
Or what we plot against the Thunderer,
Th' ignoble Crowd of vulgar Devils hear.

Lucif. A Golden Palace let be rais'd on high ;
To imitate ? No, to out-shine the Sky !
All Mines are ours, and Gold above the rest ;
Let this be done, and quick, as 'twas exprest.

{ A Palace rises, where fit, as in Council, Lu
cifer, Asmoday, Moloch, Belial, Belzebub
and Satan.

Most High and mighty Lords who better fell
From Heaven to rise States-General of Hell ;
Not yet repent tho' Ruin'd and Undone
Our Upper Provinces already won
Such Pride there is in Souls created free,
Such Hate of Univerfal Monarchy ;
Speak (for we therefore met.) —
If Peace you chuse, Your suffrages declare ;
Or Means propound to carry on the War.

Mol. My Sentence is for War, that open too :
Unskill'd in Stratagems, plain Force I know .
Treaties are vain to Losers : Nor would we,
Should Heaven grant Peace, submit to Sovereignty.
We can no Caution give, we will Adore ;
And he above is warn'd to trust no more.
What then remains but Battle ?

Satan. I agree
With this brave Vote ; and if in Hell there be

And F A L L of M A N .

7

Then more such Spirits, Heav'n's our own again ;
We venture nothing, and may all obtain.

Yet who can hope but well, since e'en Success
Makes Foes secure, and makes our Danger less ?
seraph and *Cherub* careless of their Charge,
And wanton in full Ease, now live at large ;
Unguarded leave the Passes of the Sky,
And all dissolv'd in *Hallelujahs* lie.

Mol. Grant that our hazardous Attempt prov'd
vain :

We feel the worst secur'd from greater pain ;
Perhaps we may provoke the conqu'ring Foe
To make us Nothing ; yet ev'n then we know
That not to be, is not to be in Woe.

Belial. That Knowledge which, as Spirits, we
Obtain,
To be valu'd in the midst of pain.

Innihilation were to lose Heaven more :
We are not quite exil'd, where Thought can soar.

Then cease from Arms ;
Despit him not farther to pursue his Blow ;
And be content to bear those pains we know.
What we had, we could not keep, much less
Can we regain what those above possess.

Belzeb. Heav'n sleeps not ; from one Wink a
Breath would be
In the full Circle of Eternity.

Long pains, with Use of bearing, are half eas'd ;
Leav'n, unprovok'd, at length may be appeas'd.
By War, we can't escape our wretched Lot ;
And may, perhaps, not warring, be forgot.

Aym. Could we repent, or did not Heav'n well
Know

Rebellion once forgiven, would greater grow ;
Should, with *Belial*, chuse ignoble Ease.
But neither would the Conqueror give Peace,
Nor yet so lost in this low State we are,
As to despair of a well-manag'd War,

8 The State of INNOCENCE:

Nor need we tempt those Heights which Angels
keep,
Who fear no Force, or Ambush from the Deep.
What if we find some easier Enterprize?
There is a Place, if ancient Prophecies
And Fame of Heav'n not err, the blest Abode
Of some new Race, call'd Man, a Demi-God,
Whom, near this Time, th' Almighty mult create;
He swore it, shook the Heav'ns, and made it Fate
Lucif. I heard it; through all Heav'n the Ru-
mour ran,

And much they talk of this intended *Man*:
Of Form Divine; but less in Excellence
Than we, endu'd with Reason lodg'd in Sense:
The Soul pure Fire, like ours of, equal Force;
But, pent in Flesh, must issue by Discourse:
We see what is; to Man Truth must be brought
By Sense, and drawn by a long Chain of Thought:
By that faint Light, to Will and understand;
For made less knowing, he's at more Command.

Afm. Though Heav'n be shut, that World, if it be
made,
As nearest Heav'n, lies open to invade.
Man therefore must be known, his Strength, his
State,
And by what Tenure he holds all of Fate.
Him let us then seduce, or overthrow:
The first is easiest; and makes Heav'n his Foe.
Advise, if this Attempt be worth our Care.

Belial. Great is th' Advantage, great the Hazard
are.
Some one (but who that Task dares undertake?)
Of this new Creature must Discov'ry make.
Hell's brazen Gates he first must break, then far
Must wander through Old Night, and through the
War
Of antique Chaos; and when these are past.
Meet Heav'n's Out-Guards, who scout upon the
Wast:

And F A L L of M A N . 9

at every Station must be bid to stand,
and forc'd to answer every strict Demand.

Mol. This glorious Enterprize — [Rising up.

Lucif. — Rash Angel stay,

{ Rising, and laying his Scepter on Moloch's
Head.

that Palm is mine, which none shall take away.
Not Braves like thee, may fight, but know not well
To manage this, the last great Stake of Hell.

Why am I rank'd in State above the Rest,
While I stand of sovereign Power possest,
Another dares in Danger farther go?

Kings are not made for Ease and pageant Show.

Who would be Conqueror must venture All:

He merits not to Rise, who dares not Fall.

Afm. The Praise and Danger then be all your own.

Lucif. On this Foundation I erect my Throne:

Through Brazen Gates, vast Chaos, and old Night,

Will force my Way, and upwards steer my Flight:

Discover this new World, and newer Man;

Make him my Footstep to mount Heav'n again:

Then, in the Clemency of upward Air,

We'll scour our Spots, and the dire Thunders Scar,

With all the Remnants of th' unlucky War,

And once again grow bright, and once again grow

fair.

Afm. Mean time the Youth of Hell strict Guard
may keep,

And set their Centries to the utmost Deep.

That no Aetherial Parasite may come

To spy our Ills, and tell glad Tales at Home.

Lucif. Before yon' Brimstone-Lake thrice ebb and
flow,

Alas, that we must measure Time by Woe?)

shall return; (my Mind presages Well)

And outward lead the Colonies of Hell.

Your

10 The State of INNOCENCE:

Your Care I much approve; what Time remains,
With Sports and Musick, in the Vales and Fields,
And what e'er Joy so sad a Climate yields,
Seek to forget at least divert your Pains.

Betwixt the first ACT, and the second, while the
Chiefs sit in the Palace, may be expressed the
Sports of the Devils; as Flights and Dancing in
Grotesque Figures; and a Song expressing the
Change of their Condition; what they enjoy'd be-
fore; and how they fell bravely in Battle, having
deserved Victory by their Valour, and what they
would have done, if they had conquer'd.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Champion Country.

Adam, as newly Created, laid on a Bed of Moss and
Flowers, by a Rock.

Adam. **W**HAT am I? Or from whence? For
that I am, [Rising]
I know, because I think; but whence I came,
Or how this Frame of mine began to be,
What other Being can disclose to me?
I move, I see, I speak, Discourse, and Know;
Tho' now I am, I was not always so.
Then that from which I was, must be before,
Whom as my Spring of Being I Adore,
How full of Ornament is all I view,
In all it's Parts, and seems as beautiful as new:
O goodly order'd Work! O Pow'r Divine!
Of thee I am; and what I am is thine!

[Raphael descends to Adam in a Cloud]

Raphael

And F A L L o f M A N . I I

Raphael. First of Mankind, made o'er the World
to Reign,

Whose fruitful Loins an unborn Kind contain,
Well hast thou reason'd ; of himself is none
But that Eternal Infinite, and One,
Who never did begin, who ne'er can end ;
On him all Beings, as their Source, depend.
We first, who of his Image most partake,
Whom he all Spirits Immortal Pure did make.
Man next ; whose Race exalted, must supply
The Place of those, who, falling, lost the Sky.

Adam. Bright Minister of Heav'n, sent here below,

To me, who but begin to think and know ;
If such could fall from Bliss, who knew and saw,
By near Admission, their Creator's Law ;
What Hopes have I, from Heav'n remote so far,
To keep those Laws unknowing when I err ?

Raphael. Right Reason's Laws to every Human
Heart,

The Eternal, as his Image will impart.
This teaches to Adore Heav'n's Majesty :
In Pray'r and Praise does all Devotion lie.
So doing, thou and all thy Race are blest.

Adam. Of every creeping Thing, of Bird and
Beast,

see the Kinds ; in Pairs distinct they go :
The Males their Loves, their Lovers Females know.
Thou nam'dst a Race which must proceed from me,
Yet my whole Species in myself I see :
A barren Sex, and single of no Use ;
But full of Forms, which I can ne'er produce.

Raphael. Think not the Pow'r who made thee
thus can find

No way, like their's, to propagate thy Kind ?
Meantime, live happy in thyself alone ;
Like him who single fills th' Eterial Throne.
To study Nature will thy Time employ :
Knowledge and Innocence are perfect Joy.

Adam.

12 The State of INNOCENCE.

Adam. If Solitude were best, th' All-wise above
Had made no Creature for himself to love.
I add not to the Pow'r he had before;
Yet, to make me, extends his Goodness more.
He would not be alone, who all things can;
But peopled Heav'n with Angels, Earth with Man.

Raphael. As Man and Angels to the Deity,
So all inferior Creatures are to thee.
Heav'n's Greatness no Society can bear;
Servants he made, and those thou want'st not here.

Adam. Why did he Reason in my Soul implant,
And Speech th' Effect of Reason? To the Mute
My Speech is lost; my Reason to the Brute.
Love and Society more Blessings bring
To them, the Slaves, than Power to me their King.

Raphael. Thus far to try thee; but, to Heav'n,
'twas known,

It was not best for Man to be alone;
An Equal, yet thy Subject, is design'd
For thy soft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind.
Thy stronger Soul shall her weak Reason sway;
And thou, through Love, her Beauty shalt obey:
Thou shalt secure her helpless Sex from Harms;
And she thy Cares shall sweeten with her Charms.

Adam. What more can Heav'n bestow, or Man
require?

Raphael. Yes; he can give beyond thy own De-
sire.

A Mansion is provided thee, more fair
Than this, and worthy Heav'n's peculiar Care:
Not fram'd of common Earth, nor Fruits, nor

Flowers
Of vulgar Growth; but like Celestial Bowers:
The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit Divine;
Where Golden Apples on green Branches shine,
And purple Grapes dissolve into Immortal Wine.
For Noon-day's Heat are closer Arbours made;
And for fresh Ev'ning Air, the op'ner Glade.

Ascend;

And F A L L of M A N. 13

Ascend ; and, as we go,
More Wonders thou shalt know.

Adam. And, as we go, let Earth Heav'n above
Sound our great Maker's Power, and greater Love.
[They ascend to soft Musick, and a Song is sung.

The Scene changes ; and represents above, a Sun glo-
riously rising, and moving or binarily : At a Di-
stance, below, is the Moon ; the Part next the Sun
enlightened, the other dark. A black Cloud comes
whirling from the adverse Part of the Heavens,
bearing Lucifer in it ; at his nearer Approach, the
Body of the Sun is dark ned.

Lucif. Am I become so monstrous ? so disfigur'd,
That Nature cannot suffer my Approach,
Or look me in the Face, but stands agast !
And that fair Light which glides this new-made
Orb,
horn of his Beams, shrinks in ! Accurst Ambition !
and thou, black Empire of the nether World,
How dearly have I bought you ! But 'tis past :
I have already gone too far to stop,
And must push on my dire Revenge, in Ruin
of this gay Frame, and Man my upstart Rival,
Scorn of me created. Down my Pride,
And all my swelling Thoughts ; I must forget
While I am a Devil, and put on
Smooth, submissive Face ; else I, in vain
Have past through Night and Chaos, to discover
Those envy'd Skies again, which I have lost.
But stay ; far off, I see a Chariot driv'n
Raiming with Beams, and in it Uriel,
One of the Seven, (I know his hated Face)
Who stands in Presence of th' Eternal Throne,
And seems the Regent of that Glorious Light.

14 The State of INNOCENCE:

From that part of the Heavens, where the Sun appears, a Chariot is discovered, drawn with white Horses; and in it Uriel, the Regent of the Sun. The Chariot moves swiftly towards Lucifer, and at Uriel's Approach, the Sun recovers his Light.

Uriel. Spirit who art thou? And from whence arriv'd?

For I remember not thy Face in Heaven,
Or by Command, or hither led by Choice?
Or wander'st thou within this lucid Orb,
And stray'd from those fair Fields of Light above,
Amidst this new Creation want'st a Guide,
To re-conduct thy Step?

Lucif. —— Bright Uriel.
Chief of the Seven, thou flaming Minister,
Who guard'st this new created Orb of Light,
(The World's Eye that, and thou the Eye of it)
Thy Favour, and high Office, make thee known:
An humble Cherub I, and of less Note,
Yet bold, by thy Permission, hither come,
On high Discoveries bent.

Uriel. —— Speak thy Design.

Lucif. Urg'd by Renown of what I heard above,
Divulg'd by Angels nearest Heav'n's high King,
Concerning this new World, I came to view,
(If worthy such a Favour) and admire
This last Effect of our great Maker's Pow'r:
Thence to my wond'ring Fellows shall I turn,
Full fraught with joyf'l Tidings of these Works,
New Matter of his Praise, and of our Songs.

Uriel. Thy Busines is not what deserves my Blame,

Nor thou, thy self, unwelcome; see, fair Spirit,
Below yon Sphere, (of Matter not unlike it),
There hangs the Ball of Earth, and Water mixt,
Self-center'd, and unmov'd.

Lucif. —— But where dwells Man?

And F A L L o f M A N . 15

E : Uriel. On yonder Mount ; thou seest it fence'd with
Rocks,

And round th' Ascent a Theatre of Trees,
A Sylvan Scene, which rising by Degrees,
Lifts up the Eye below, nor gluts the Sight,
With one full Prospect, but invites by many,
To view at last the whole : There his Abode,
Whither direct thy Flight.

Lusif. ————— O blest be thou,
Who, to my low Converse, hast lent thy Ear,
And favour'd my Request : Hail, and farewell.

[Flies downwards out of Sight.]

Uriel. Not unobserv'd thou go'st whoe'er thou
art ;
Whether some Spirit on holy purpose bent,
Or some fall'n Angel, from below broke loose,
Who com'st with envious Eyes, and curst Intent,
To view this World, and it's created Lord :
Here will I watch, and while my Orb rolls on,
Pursue from hence thy much suspected Flight ;
And, if disguis'd, pierce through the Beams of
Light.

[The Chariot drives forward out of sight.]

The S C E N E P A R A D I S E .

ree cut out on each side with several Fruits upon
them : A Fountain in the midst. At the far End,
the Prospect terminates in Walks.

Adam. If this be Dreaming, let me never wake ;
But still the Joys of that sweet Sleep partake :
Iethought, ————— but why do I my Bliss delay
By thinking what I thought ? Fair Vision, stay ;
My better Half, thou foster Part of me,
To whom I yield my boasted Sov'reignty,
Seek myself, and find not, wanting thee. } }

[Exit.]

Enter

16 The State of INNOCENCE:

Enter Eve.

Eve. Tell me, ye Hills and Dales, and thou fair Sun,

Who shin'st above, what am I; whence begun?
Like myself I see nothing: From each Tree
The feather'd Kind peep down to look on me.
And Beatis, with up-cast Eyes, forsake their Shade
And gaze, as if they were to be obey'd.
Sure I am somewhat which they wish to be,
And cannot: I myself am proud of me.
What's here? another Firmament below,

[Looks into a Fountain]
Spread wide, and other Trees that downward grow,
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With smiling Looks, as pleas'd to see me here!
As I advance, so that advances too,
And seems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to speak, the Lips it moves;
Streams drown the Voice, as it would say it loves.
Yet when I would embrace, it will not stay:

[Stoops down to embrac]
Lost, e'er 'tis held; when nearest far away.
Ah! Fair, yet False! Ah! Being, form'd to che
By seeming Kindness, mix'd with deep Deceit.

Enter Adam.

Adam. O Virgin! Heaven begot and born
Man,
Thou fairest of thy great Creator's Works;
Thee, Goddess, thee th'Eternal did ordain
His softer Substitute on Earth to reign:
And wheresoe'er thy happy Foot-steps tread,
Nature in Triumph after thee is led:
Angels with Pleasure view thy matchless Grace
And love their Maker's Image in thy Face.

Eve. O ! only like my self (for nothing here
so graceful, so Majestick does appear :)
Art thou the Form my longing Eyes did see,
Bos'd from thy Fountain, and come out to me ?
Yet, sure thou art not ; nor thy Face the same ;
Nor thy Limbs moulded in so soft a Frame
Thou look'st more sternly, dost more strongly move ;
And more of Awe thou bear'st, and less of Love.
Yet pleas'd I hear thee, and above the rest
Next my self, admire and love thee best.

Adam. Made to command, thus freely I Obey,
And at thy Feet the whole Creation lay.

City that Love thy Beauty does beget :

What more I shall desire, I know not yet.

First let us lock'd in those Embraces be ;

Hence I perhaps, may teach myself and thee :

Eve. Somewhat forbids me which I cannot name ;
Or Ignorant of Guilt, I fear not Shame :
But some restraining Thought, I know not why,
Tell me you long should beg, I long deny.

Adam. In vain ! my Right to thee is seal'd above,
Look round, and see where thou canst place thy Love.
All Creatures else are much unworthy Thee ;
They match'd, and thou alone are left for me.

If not to Love, we both are made in vain :
My new Empire would resign again ;
And change with my dumb Slaves, my nobler Mind,
Ho, void of Reason, more of Pleasure finds.

Lethinks, for me they beg ; each silently

Demands thy Grace, and seems to watch thine Eye.

Eve. I well foresee, whence'er thy Suit I grant,
That I my much lov'd Sovereignty shall want.
Or like myself some other may be made,
And her new Beauty may thy Heart invade.

Adam. Could Heav'n some greater Master-piece
Devise,
Set out with all the Glories of the Skies,
That Beauty yet in vain he should decree,
Unless he made another Heart for me.

18 The State of INNOCENCE:

Eve. With how much Ease I, whom I love, believe!
Giving my self, my want of Worth I grieve
Here, my inviolable Faith I plight
So, Thou be my Defence, I thy Delight.

[Exeunt, he leading her.

ACT III. SCENE I. *Paradise.*

*Lucifer. Fair Place! Yet what is this to Heav'n
Sate next, so almost equall'd the most High?
I doubted, measuring both, who was more strong:
Then, willing to forget time since so long,
Scarce thought I was created; vain Desire
Of Empire, in my Thoughts, still shot me higher,
To grove above his sacred Head; ah why,
When he so kind, was so ungrateful I?
He bounteously bestow'd unenvy'd Good
On me; in Arbitrary Grace I stood:
T'acknowledge this, was all he did exact;
Small Tribute, where the Will to pay was A't.
I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As he, who knows my Hatred to relent,
Jealous of Pow'r once question'd; Hope Farewel
And with Hope, Fear; no Depth below my Hell
Can be prepar'd: Then Ill, be thou my Good;
And vast Destruction, be my Envy's Food.
Thus I, with Heav'n, divided Empire gain;
Seducing Man, I make his Project vain,
And in one Hour, destroy his six Days Pain.
They come again; I must retire.*

Enter Adam and Eve.

Adam Thus shall we live in perfect Bliss, and see,
athless ourselves, our num'rous Progeny.
you young and beauteous, my Desires to bless ;
ill desiring, what I still possess.

Eve. Heav'n, from whence Love (our greatest
blessing) came

give no more, but still to be the same.

You more of Pleasure mayst with me partake,
more of Pride, because thy Bliss I make.

Adam When to my Arms thou broughtst thy
Virgin-Love,

Angels sung our Bridal Hymn above :

Eternal nodding shook the Firmament,
conscious Nature gave her glad Consent.

es unbud, and ev'ry fragrant Flow'r
ew from their Stalks, to strow thy Nuptial Bower :

e furr'd and feather'd Kind the Triumph did
pursue,

Fishes leap'd above the Streams, the passing
Pomp to view.

Eve. When your kind Eyes look'd languishing on
mine,

wreathing Arms did soft Embraces join,

doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er ;

Wishes ; and a Warminth, unknown before :

that follow'd, was all Ecstasie and Trance ; (Dance

immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did

speechless Joys, in whose sweet Tumult lost

thought my Breath, and my new Being lost.

Lucif. O Death to hear ! And a worse Hell on
Earth :

hat mad Profusion on this Clod-born Birth !

oyls of Joys, as if Heav'n meant to shew

hat, in base Matters, such a Hand could do :

was his Virtue spent, and he no more

th Angels could supply th' exhausted Store ;

which I swept the Sky ? —

58 The State of INNOCENCE:

And wanting Subjects to his haughty Will,
On this mean Work employ'd his trifling Skill.

Eve. Blest in ourselves, all Pleasures else about
Withers our Care, behold th'unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit, above our shady Bowers
The creeping Jess'min thrusts her fragrant Flower
The Myrtle, Orange, and the blushing Rose,
With bending Heaps so nigh their Bloom disclose,
Each seems to smell the Flavour which the other
blows;

By these the Peach, the Guava, and the Pine,
And, creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mant'ling Vine,
Does round their Trunks her purple Clusters
twine.

Adam. All these are ours, all Nature's Excellence,
Whose Taste and Smell can bless the feasted Sense:
One only Fruit, in the Mid-Garden plac'd,
The Tree of Knowledge is deny'd our Taste;
(Our Proof of Duty to our Maker's Will :)
Of Disobedience, Death's the threaten'd Ill.

Ever Death is some Harm ; which, though
know not, yet,
Since threaten'd, we must needs imagine great ;
And sure he merits it, who disobeys
That one Command, and one of so much Ease.

Lucifer. Must they then die, if they attempt
to know ?
He sees they would rebel, and keeps them low.
On this Foundation I their Ruin lay ;
Hope to know more, shall tempt to disobey.
I fell by this, and since their Strength is less,
Why should not equal Means give like Success ?

Adam. Come, my fair Love, our Morning Task
we lose ;
Some Labour e'en the easiest Life would chuse :
Ours is not great, the dangling Boughs to crop,
Whose too luxuriant Growth our Allies step,

E: And F A L L O F M A N A T 24

and choke the Paths : This our Delight requires,
And Heav'n no more of daily Work desires.
Eve. With thee to live is Paradise alone,
Without the Pleasure of thy Sight is none.
small Progress will be made this Day,
much our Kisses will our Task delay.

Lueif. Why have not I, like these, a Body too,
Arm'd for the same Delights which they pursue ?
ould (so variously my Passions move) and aid
joy, and blast her in the Act of Love, and
willingly I hate such Excellence ;
e wrong'd me not ; but I revenge th'Offence,
rough her, on Heav'n, whose Thunder took
away my Birthright Skies ! Live happy whilst you
may,

lest Pair, y're not allow'd another Day.

Gabriel and Ithuriel descend, carried on bright
Clouds ; and flying cross each other, then light on
the Ground.

Gabriel. Ithuriel, since we two commission'd are
om Heav'n the Guardians of the new-mâde Pair,
ch mind his Charge ; for, see, the Night draws on,
d rising Mists pursue the setting Sun.

Ithuriel. Blest is our Lot to serve ; our Task we
know.

watch, lest any from th'Abyss below,
oke loose, disturb their Sleep with Dreams ; or
worse,
fault their Beings with superior Force.

[Uriel flies down from the Sun.

Uriel. Gabriel, if now the Watch be set, prepare,

ith strictest Guard, to shew thy utmost Care.

This Morning came a Spirit, fair he seem'd,

hom, by his Face, I some young Cherub deem'd ;

Man he much enquir'd, and where his Place,

With Shews of Zeal to praise his Maker's Grace ;

22 The State of INNOCENCE:

But I, with watchful Eyes, observ'd his Flight,
And saw him on yon sleepy Mount alight :
There, as he thought, unseen, he laid aside
His borrow'd Mask, and re-assum'd his Pride :
I mark'd his Looks, averse to Heav'n and Good;
Dusky he grew, and long revolving stood
On some deep dark Design ; thence shot with His
And o'er the Mount of Paradise he pass'd :
By his proud Port he seem'd the Prince of Hell ;
And here he lurks in Shades till Night : See
well

Each Grove and Thicket, pry in every Shape,
Lest hid in some, th'Arch Hypocrite escape.

Gabriel. If any Spirit come t'invade or scout
From Hell, what earthly Fence can keep him ou
But rest secure of this, he shall be found,
And taken, or proscrib'd this happy Ground.

Ithuriel. Thou to the East, I Westward walk
the Round,

And meet me in the midst.

Uriel. Heaven your Design

Succeed : Your Charge requires you, and me mis
{ Uriel flies forward out of Sight. The
Angels Exeunt severally.

A Night-Piece of a pleasant Bower. Adam and Eve
asleep in it.

Enter Lucifer,

Lucif. So, now they lie secure in Love, and so
Their fated Senses in full Draughts of Sleep.
By what sure means can I their Bliss invade ?
By Violence ? No, for they're immortal made.
Their Reason sleeps, but Mimick Fancy wakes,
Supplies her Parts, and wild Ideas takes
From Words and Things ill-sorted and mis-join'd :
The Anarchy of Thought, and Chaos of the Min

He

And F A L L of M A N .

23

ence Dreams confus'd and various may arise ;
these will I set before the Woman's Eyes,
he weaker she, and made my easier Prey ;
ain Shows and Pomp the softer Sex betray.

{ Lucifer sits down by Eve, and seems to
whisper in her Ear.

Vision, where a Tree rises loaden with Fruits ;
four Spirits rise with it, and draw a Canopy out of
the Tree ; other Spirits dance about the Tree in de-
formed Shapes ; after the Dance, an Angel enters
with a Woman, habited like Eve.

Angels singing :

Look up, look up, and see
What Heav'n prepares for thee ;
Look up and this fair Fruit behold,
Ruddy it smiles, and rich with Streaks of Gold.
The loaden Branches downward bend,
Willing they stoop, and thy fair Hand attend.
Fair Mother of Mankind, make hastie,
And bless, and bless thy Senfes with the Taste.

Woman. No ; 'tis forbidden : I
In tasting it shall die.

Angel. Say who enjoin'd this harsh Command ?

Woman. 'Twas Heav'n, and who can Heav'n
withstand ;

Angel. Why was it made so fair ? why plac'd
in Sight ?

Heav'n is too good to envy Man's Delight.
See, we before thy Face will try,
What thou so fear'st, and will not die.

{ The Angel takes the Fruit, and gives to the
Spirits who danc'd ; they immediately put
off their deformed Shapes, and appear
Angels.

B 4

Angels

24 *The State of INNOCENCE:*

Angels singing :

Behold what a Change on a sudden is here !
How glorious in Beauty, how bright they appear
From Spirits deform'd they are Deities made,
Their Pinions at Pleasure the Clouds can invade,

{ *The Angel gives to the Woman, who edit*
Till equal in Honour they rise

With Him who commands in the Skies :
Then taste without Fear, and be happy and wise.

Woman. Ah ! now I believe ; such a Pleasure I
find,

As enlightens my Eyes, and enlivens my Mind.

{ *The Spirits who are turn'd Angels, fly*
when they have tafted.

I only repent

I deferr'd my Content.

Angel. Now wiser Experience has taught you to
prove,

What a Folly it is,

Out of Fear to shun Bliss.

To the Joy that's forbidden we eagerly move ;
It enhances the Price, and increases the Love.

Chorus of Both, To the Joy, &c.

Two Angels descend ; they take the Woman each by the
Hand, and fly up with her out of Sight. The An-
gel who sung, and the Spirits who hold the Canopy,
at the same Instant sink down with the Tree.

Enter Gabriel and Ithuriel to Lucifer, who remains.

Gabriel. What art thou ? Speak, thy Mind, and
thy Intent.

Why here alone ? And on what Errand sent ?
Not from above : No, thy wan Looks betray
Diminish'd Light, and Eyes unus'd to Day.

Lucifer.

And F A L L of M A N . 25

Lucifer. Not to know me, argues thy self unknown :

me was, when shining next th' Imperial Throne,
sat in awful State, while such as thou
did, in th' ignoble Crowd, at distatice bow.

Gabriel. Think'st thou, vain Spirit, thy Glories
are the same ?

nd seest not Sin obscures thy Godlike Frame ?

know thee now by thy ungrateful Pride ;

hat shews me what thy faded Looks did hide.

aytor to him who made, and set thee high ;

Fool, that Power which form'd thee to defy.

Lucifer. Go, Slaves, return, and fawn in Heav'n
again ;

ack Thanks from Him, whose Quarrel you main-
tain.

le Wretches ! of your Servitude to boast :

ou basely keep the Place I bravely lost.

Ithuriel. Freedom is choice of what we will

and do :

hen blame not Servants who are freely so.

is base not to acknowledge what we owe,

Lucifer. Thanks, however due, proclaims Sub-
jection yet :

ought for Power to quit th' upbraided Debt.

noe'er expects our Thanks, himself repays ;

nd seems but little, who can want our Praise.

Gabriel. What in us Duty shews not Want in
him !

ll in himself alone.

whom no Praise we, by good Deeds, can add ;

or can his Glory suffer from our bad.

ide for His Use ; yet He has form'd us so,

unconstrain'd, what he commands us do.

praise we Him, and serve Him freely best :

us thou, by Choice, art fall'n, and we are blest.

Ithuriel. This, tell thou think thy Plea, unan-
swer'd, good,

Our

26 The State of INNOCENCE:

Our Question thou evad'st ; How didst thou dare
To break Hell-bounds, and near this human Pair
In nightly Ambush lie ?

Lucifer. Lives there who would not seek to som
his Way

From Pain to Ease, from Darkness to the Day ?
Should I, who found the means t'escape, not dare
To change my sulph'rous Smoke for upper Air ?
When I in Fight sustain'd your Thunderer,
And Heav'n on me alone spent half his War.
Think'st thou those Wounds were light ? Should
not seek

The Clemency of some more temp'rate Clime
To purge my Gloom, and by the Sun refin'd,
Bask in his Beams, and bleach me in the Wind ?

Gabriel. If Pain to shun be all thy Bus'ness here
Methinks thy Fellows the same Course should fit
Is their Pain less, who yet behind thee stay ?
Or thou less hardy to endure than they ?

Lucifer. Nor one, nor t'other ; but as Leader
ought,

I ventur'd first alone ; first Danger sought :
And first explor'd this new-created Frame,
Which fill'd our dusky Regions with it's Fame :
In hopes my fainting Troops to settle here,
And to defend against your Thunderer
This Spot of Earth, or nearer Heav'n repair,
And forrage to his Gates from middle Air.

Ithuriel. Fool ! to believe thou any Part canst
gain
From Him, who could'st not thy first Ground
maintain.

Gabriel, But whether that Design, or one as
vain,

T'attempt the Lives of these, first drew thee here
Avoid the Place, and never more appear

Upon this hallow'd Earth, else prove our Might

Lucifer. Not that I fear do I decline the Fight :

You I disdain ; let me with him contend,
On whom your limitary Pow'rs depend.
More Honour from the Sender than the Sent ;
Till then, I have accomplish'd my Intent,
And leave this Place, which but augments my Pain,
Gazing to wish, yet hopeless to obtain.

[Exit. They following him.



ACT IV. SCENE I. Paradise.

Adam and Eve.

Adam. Strange was your Dream, and full of sad
Portent ;
Avert it Heav'n, (if it from Heav'n were sent :)
Let on thy Foes the dire presages fall :
To us be good and easy when we Call :
Eve. Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears,
Which, in it, many winged Warriors bears.
Their Glory shoots upon my aking Sense ;
Thou stronger may'st endure the Flood of Light,
And while in Shades I chear my fainting Sight,
Encounter the descending Excellence.

The Cloud descends with six Angels in it ; and when
'tis near the Ground, breaks ; and on each side dis-
covers six more : They descend out of the Cloud. Ra-
phel and Gabriel discourse with Adam, the rest
Stand at Distance.

Raphael. First of Mankind, that we from Heav'n
are sent,
Is from Heav'n's Care thy Ruin to prevent.
Th' Apostate Angel has, by Night, been here,
And whisper'd through thy sleeping Consort's
Ear.

Delusive

28 The State of INNOCENCE:

Delusive Dreams : Then warn'd by us, beware :
And guide her Frailty by thy timely Care.

Gabriel. These, as thy Guards from outward
Harms, are sent ;

Ills from within, thy Reason must prevent.

Adam. Natives of Heav'n, who in Compassion
deign

To want that place where Joys Immortal reign,
In care of me, what Praises can I pay,
Descended in Obedience, taught t'Obey.

Raph. Praise him alone, who God-like form'd thee
free,

With Will unbounded, as a Deity,
Who gave thee Reason as thy Aid, to chuse
Apparent Good, and Evil to refuse.

Obedience in that Good : This Heav'n exacts ;
And Heav'n, all-just, from Man requires not Acts
Which Man wants Pow'r to do : Pow'r then is
giv'n

Of doing Good, but not compell'd by Heav'n.

Gabriel. Made good ; that thou dost to thy Maker
owe :

But to thy self, if thou continu'st so.

Adam. Freedom of Will, of all good Things is
best ;

But can it be by finite Man possess ?

I know not how Heav'n can communicate
What equals Man to his Creation's State.

Raphael. Heav'n cannot give his boundless Pow'
away ;

But boundless Liberty of Choice he may.

So Orbs, from the first Mover, Motion take ;
Yet each their proper Revolutions make ;

Adam. Grant Heav'n could once have giv'n us
Liberty ;

Are we not bounded, now by firm Decree,
Since whatsoe'er is pre-ordain'd, must be ?

Else Heav'n, for Man, Events might pre-ordain,
And Man's Free-Will might make those Orders
vain.

Gabriel.

Gabr. Th' Eternal, when he did the World create,
All other Agents did necessitate :
what he order'd, they, by Nature, do ;
thus light Things mount, and heavy downward go
an only boasts an arbitrary State.

Adam. Yet causes their Effects necessitate
willing Agents : Where is Freedom then ?
or who can break the Chain which limits Men
to act what is unchangeably forecast,
since the first Cause gives Motion to the last ?

Raphael. Heav'n by foreknowing what will surely

be, finds all world in hand, & sees
only, first Effects in Causes see ;
and finds, but does not make Necessity.
Creation is of Pow'r, and Will th' Effect,
more knowledge only of his Intellect,
is Prescience makes not, but supposes Things a
causes Necessity to be ; not brings.

thus thou art not constrain'd to Good or Ill :
causes which work th' Effect, force not the Will.

Adam. The Force unseen, and distant, I confess ;
but the long Chain makes not the Bondage less.
v'n Man himself may to himself seem free,
and think that Choice which is necessity.

Gabriel. And who but Man, should judge of
Man's free State ?

Adam. I find that I can chuse to love or hate,
bey, or disobey ; do good, or ill ;
et such a Choice is but Consent, not Will.
can but chuse what he has first design'd.
or he, before that Choice, my Will constrain'd.

Gabriel. Such impious Fancies, where they En-
trance gain,

Iade Heav'n, all-pure, thy Crimes to pre-ordain.

Adam. Far, far from me be banish'd such a

Thought :

argue only to be better taught.

can there be Freedom, when what now seems free,
is founded on some first Necessity ;

For

30 The State of INNOCENCE

For whate'er Cause can move the Will t'elect,
Must be sufficient to produce th'Effect :

And what's sufficient, must effectual be :

Then how is Man, thus forc'd by Causes free ?

Raph. Sufficient Causes only work th'Effect,
When necessary Agents they respect.

Such is not Man, who tho' the Cause suffice,
Yet often he his free assent denies.

Adam. What causes not, is not sufficient still.

Gabriel. Sufficient in itself ; not in thy Will.

Raph. When we see Causes join'd t'Effects at last,
The Chain but shews Necessity that's past.

That what's done, is ; (ridiculous Proof of Fate !)

Tell me which part it does necessitate ;

I'll chuse the other ; there I'll link the Effect,

O Chain, which Fools, to catch themselves, project !

Adam. Tho' no Constraint from Heav'n, or Causes
be,

Heav'n may prevent that Ill it does foresee :

And, not preventing, tho' he does not cause,

He seems to will that Men should break his Laws.

Gabriel. Heav'n may permit, but not to Ill con-
tent :

For hind'r'ing Ill, he would all Choice prevent.

'Twere to unmake, to take away the Will.

Adam. Better constrain'd to Good, than free to Ill.

Raph. But what Reward, or Punishment could be,
If Man to neither Good nor Ill were free ?

Th' Eternal Justice cou'd decree no Pain,

To him whose Sins it self did first ordain ;

And Good compell'd, could no Reward exact ;

His Pow'r wou'd shine in Goodness, not thy A&t,

Our Task is done, obey, and in that Choice,

Thou shalt be blest and Angels shall rejoice.

[Raphael and Gabriel fly up in the Cloud ; the
other Angels go off.]

Adam. Hard State of Life ! since Heav'n fore-
knows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill ?

Why

Why am I trusted with my self at large,
When he's more able to sustain the Charge ?
Since Angels fell, whose Strength was more than
mine,

would shew more Grace my Frailty to confine.
Re-knowing the success, to leave me free,
Excuses him, and yet supports not me.

Eve. Behold, my Heart's dear Lord, how high the
Sun [To him Eve.

mounted, yet our Labour not begun.

The Ground, unbid, gives more than we can ask ;
Our Work is Pleasure when we chuse our Task.

Nature, not bounteous now, but lavish grows,
Our Paths with Flowers she prodigally strows ;

With Pain we lift up our entangled Feet,
While cross our Walks the shooting Branches meet.

Adam. Well has thy Care advis'd ; 'tis fit we
haste ;

Nature's too kind, and follows us too fast ;
Leaves us no Room her Treasures to possess,

It mocks our Industry with her Excess ;
And wildly wanton wears by Night away

The sign of all our Labours done by Day.

Eve. Since then the Work's so great, the Hands so
few,

This Day let each a few'ral Task pursue.

Then, my Hands to labour will not move,

But round thy Neck employ themselves in Love.

When thou wouldst work, one tender touch, one
Smile,

How can I hold ?) will all thy Task beguile.

Adam. So hard we are not to our Labour ty'd,
That Smiles and soft Endearments are deny'd.

Smiles, not allow'd to Beasts, from Reason move,

And are the Privilege of Human Love.

And if sometimes each other Eyes we meet,

Those little Vacancies from Toy'd are sweet.

At you, by Absence, wou'd refresh your Joys,

Because, perhaps, my Conversation cloy's.

Yet

32 *The State of INNOCENCE:*

Yet this, wou'd Prudence grant, I could permit,
Eve. What Reason makes my small Request un/
Adam. The fall'n Arch-angel, envious of
State,

Pursues our Beings with immortal Hate.
And hopeless to prevail by open Force,
Seeks hid Advantage to betray us worse ;
Which, when asunder, will not prove so hard :
For both together are each other's Guard.

Eve. Since he, by Force, is hopeless to prevail,
He can by Fraud alone our Minds assaile :
And to believe his Wiles my Truth can move,
Is to misdoubt my Reason or my Love.

Adam. Call it my Care, and not Misruse of the
Yet thou art weak, and full of Art is he :
Else how could he that Host seduce to Sin,
Whose Fall has left the Heav'ly Nation thin ?

Eve. I grant him arm'd with Subtilty and Hate
But why should we suspect our happy State ?
Is our Perfection of so frail a Make,
As ev'ry Plot can undermine and shake ?
Think better both of Heav'n, thy self, and me ;
Who always fears, at Ease can never be,
Poor State of Bliss, where so much Care is shew
As not to dare to trust ourselves alone !

Adam. Such is our State, as not exempt from
Fall ;

Yet firm, if Reason to our Aid we call :
And that, in both, is stronger than in one ;
I would not ; why wouldst thou, then, be alone ?

Eve. Because thus warn'd, I know myself
cure,

And long my little Tryal to endure ;
T' approve my Faith, thy needless Fears remove,
Gain thy Esteem, and so deserve thy Love.
If all this shake not thy obdurate Will,
Know that ev'n present, I am absent still :
And then what Pleasure hop'st thou in my Stay,
When I'm constrain'd, and wish myself away ?

Ada

Adam. Constraint does ill with Love and Beauty
Sute ;
would persuade, but not be absolute.
ter be much remiss, than too severe,
pleas'd in Absence, thou wilt still be here :
in thy Native Innocence proceed,
d summon all thy Reason at thy Need.

Eve. My Soul, my Eyes Delight; in this I find
you lov'st, because to love is to be kind. [Em-
bracing him.]

cking my Trial, I am still on Guard :
ials less fought, would find us less prepar'd.
ur Foe's too proud, the Weaker to assail,
doubles his Dishonour if he fail.

Adam. In Love what Use of Prudence can there be?

Hath more perfect I, and yet more powerful She.
Name me not Heav'n, if thou Love's Pow'r hast
try'd,

hat could be so unjust to be deny'd?
ne Look of her's my Resolution breaks:
eason itself turns Folly when she speaks:
nd aw'd by her, whom it was made to sway,
atters her Pow'r, and does its own betray.

The middle Part of the Garden is represented, where four Rivers meet; on the right side of the Scene, is placed the Tree of Life; on the left, the Tree of Knowledge.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucif. Methinks the Beauties of this Place
should mourn;
Th' immortal Fruits and Flow'r's at my Return
should hang their wither'd Heads; for sure my
Breath
is now more pois'nous, and has gather'd Death
C **Enough**

34 *The State of INNOCENCE:*

Enough to blast the whole Creation's Frame ;
Swoln with Despite, with Sorrow, and with Shame
Thrice have I beat the Wing, and rid with Night
About the World, behind the Globe of Light,
To shun the Watch of Heav'n ; such Care I use :
(What Pains would Malice, rais'd like mine,
 fuse ?

Not the most abject Form of Brutes to take.)
Hid in the spiry Volumes of the Snake,
I lurk'd within the Covert of a Brake ;
Not yet descry'd. But see, the Woman bere
Alone ! Beyond my Hopes ! No Guardian near ;
Good Omen that : I must retire unseen,
And with my borrow'd Shape the Work begin. [R
 tires.]

Enter Eve.

Eve. Thus far, at least, with leave ; nor can
 be
A Sin to look on this Cœlestia Tree :
I would not more ; to touch, a Crime may prove :
Touching is a remoter Taste in Love.
Death may be there, or Poison in the Smell,
(If Death in any Thing so fair can dwell ;)
But Heav'n forbids : I cou'd be satisfy'd,
Were every Tree but this, but this deny'd.

A Serpent enters on the Stage, and makes directly
 to the Tree of Knowledge ; on which winding himself,
he plucks an Apple ; then descends, and carries it
 away.

Strange Sight ! Did then our great Creator grant
That Privilege which we their Masters want,
To these inferior Beings ? Or was it Chance ?
And was he blest with bolder Ignorance ?
I saw his curling Crest the Trunk infold :
The ruddy Fruit distinguish'd o'er with Gold,

And

nd smiling in its Native Wealth, was torn
rom the rich Bough, and then in Triumph born :
he vent'rous Victor march'd unpunish'd hence,
nd seem'd to boast his fortunate Offence.

To her, Lucifer, in a Humane Shape.

Lucifer. Hail, Sov'reign of this Orb ! form'd to
possess

the World, and with one Look, all Nature bless.
Nature is thine ; Thou, Empress, dost bestow
On Fruits, to blossom ; and on Flowers, to blow.
They happy, yet insensible to boast
Their Bliss : More happy they who know the most.
Then happiest I, to Human Reason rais'd,
And Voice, with whose first Accents thou art
prais'd.

Eve. What art thou ? Or from whence ? For on
this Ground,

Beside my Lord's, ne'er heard I Human sound.
Art thou some other *Adam* form'd from Earth,
And com'st to claim an equal Share, by Birth,
In this fair Field ? Or sprung of Heavenly Race ?

Lucif. An humble Native of this happy Place.
Thy Vassal born, and late of lowest Kind,
Whom Heaven neglecting made, and scarce design'd,
But threw me in, for Number to the rest,
Below the mounting Bird, and grazing Beast ;
By Chance, not Prudence, now Superior grown.

Eve. To make thee such, what Miracle was shwon ?

Lucifer. Who wou'd not tell what thou vouch-
saf'st to hear ?

Saw'st thou not late a speckled Serpent rear
His gilded Spires to climb on this fair Tree ?
Before this happy Minute, I was he.

Eve. Thou speak'st of Wonders : Make thy Story
plain.

Lucifer. Not wishing then, and thoughtless to
obtain

36 The State of INNOCENCE:

So great a Bliss ; but led by Sense of Good,
In-born to all, I sought my needful Food :
Then, on that heavenly Tree my Sight I cast,
The Colour urg'd my Eye, the Scent my Taste.
Not to detain thee long, I took, did eat :
Scarce had my Palate touch'd th' Immortal Meat,
But on a sudden turn'd to what I am,
God-like, and next to thee, I fair became :
Thought, spake, and reason'd, and by Reason found
Thee, Nature's Queen, with all her Graces crown'd
Eve. Happy thy Lot ; but far unlike is mine.
Forbid to eat, not daring to repine.
'Twas Heav'n's Command, and should we disobey,
What rais'd thy Beings, ours must take away.

Lucifer. Sure You mistake the Precept, or the
Tree :

Heav'n cannot envious of his Blessings be.
Some chance born Plant he might forbid your Use,
As wild, or guilty of a deadly Juice :
Not this, whose Colour, Scent Divine and Taste,
Proclaim the thoughtful Maker not in haste.

Eve. By all these Signs too well I know the Fruit,
And dread a Power severe and absolute.

Lucif. Severe indeed, even to Injustice hard,
If Death, for knowing more, be your Reward :
Knowledge of Good, is Good and therefore fit ;
And to know Ill, is good, for shunning it.

Eve. What, but our Good, could he design in
this,

Who gave us all, and plac'd in perfect Bliss ?

Lucif. Excuse my Zeal, fair Sov'reign in your
Cause,

Which dares to tax his arbitrary Laws :
'Tis all his Aim to keep you blindly low,
That servile Fear from Ignorance may flow :
We scorn to worship whom too well we know.
He knows that eating, you shall God-like be ;
As wise, as fit to be ador'd as he.

For

And E A L L of M A N . I 37

For his own Int'rest he this Law has given ;
Such Beauty may raise Factions in his Heaven,
By awing you, he does Possession keep, and that
And is too wise to hazard Partnership.

Eve. Alas ! who dares dispute with him that
Right ? Right well said you flew well
The Pow'r which form'd us must be Infinite : well
Lucif. Who told you how your Form was first
design'd ?

The Sun and Earth produce of every Kind ; grass,
Flowers, and Fruits ; nay, living Creatures
too :

Their Mould was base ; it was more refin'd in you,
Where Vital Heat in purer Organs wrought,
Produc'd a nobler Kind, rais'd up to Thought ;
and that, perhaps, might his Beginning be : something
was first, I question if 'twere fit
but grant him first ; yet still suppose him Good,
not envying those he made immortal Food.

Eve. But Death our Disobedience must pursue.

Lucif. Behold in me, what shall arrive to you.
tailed, yet I live ; nay, more, have got an immortal
State, more perfect than my native Lot ; do not
ot fear this petty Fault his Wrath should raise ;
eaven rather will your countless Virtue praise,
hat fought through threatened Death, immortal

Good :

ods are immortal only by their Food.
aste and remove.

hat Difference does 'twixt them and you re-
main ;

I gain'd Reason, You shall Godhead gain.

Eve. [Aside.] He eats and lives, in Knowledge
greater grown ;

as Death invented then for us alone ?

intellectual Food to Man deny'd,
which Brutes have, with so much Advantage,
try'd ?

N.
38 *The State of INNOCENCE:*

Nor only try'd themselves, but frankly more,
To me have offer'd their unenvy'd store.

Lucif. Be bold, and all your needless Doubts
move : View well this Tree, (the Queen of all the Grove)
How vast her Bole, how wide her Arms are spread!
How high above the rest she shoots her Head,
Plac'd in the midst ! Would Heaven his Works di-
grace,
By planting Poison in the happiest Place?
Haste ; you loose Time and Godhead by delay.

[*Plucking the Fruit*
Eve looking about her.] 'Tis done ; I'll venture a
and disobey ; Perhaps, far hid in Heaven, he does not spy ;
And none of all his Hymning Guards are nigh.
To my dear Lord the lovely Fruit I'll bear ;
He, to partake my Bliss, my Crime shall Share.

Lucif. She flew, and thank'd me not, for half
it was hard With no Return such Counsel to reward.
My Work is done, or much the greater part ;
She's now the Tempter to enflame his Heart ;
He, whose firm Faith no Reason could remove,
Will melt before that soft Seducer, Love.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

P A R A D I S E.

Eve, with a Bough in her Hand.

Methinks I tread more lightly on the
Ground ;
My nimble Feet from unhurt Flowers rebound :
I walk in Air, and scorn this Earthly Seat ;
Heaven is my Palace, this my base Retreat !
Take me not Heav'n, too soon, 'twill be unkind
To leave the Partner of my Bed behind.
I love the Wretch : But stay, shall I afford
him Part ? already he's too much my Lord.
Is in my Pow'r to be a Sov'reign now,
And, knowing more, to make his Manhood low.
Empire is sweet ; but how if Heaven has spy'd ?
I should die, and he above provide
Some other Eve, and place her in my stead,
Shall she possess his Love, when I am dead ?
No ; he shall eat and die with me, or live : and even so
Our equal Crimes shall equal Fortune give.

Enter Adam.

Adam. What Joy, without your Sight, hath Earth
in store ?
While you were absent, Eden was no more.

40 *The State of INNOCENCE;*

Winds murmur'd through the Leaves, your long De
lay ;

And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your stay.
But with your presence cheer'd, they cease
mourn;

And Walks wear fresher Green, at your Return.

Eve. Henceforth you never shall have Cause
to chide ;

No future Absence shall our Joys divide :
'Twas a strange Death my Love ne'er try'd be
fore,

And therefore strange ; but yet the Cause was mon
Adam. My trembling Heart forebodes some ill

I fear
To ask that Cause which I desire to hear.

What means that lovely Fruit ? What mean
(alas !)

That Blood, which flushes guilty in your Face ?
Speak — do not — yet, at last I must be told.

Eve. Have Courage then ; 'tis manly to b
bold.

This Fruit — why should'st thou shake ? N
Death is nigh ;

'Tis what I tasted first, yet do not die.

Adam. Is it ? — (I dare not ask it all at first ;
Doubt is some Ease to those who fear the worst :)
Say, 'Tis not.

Eve. — 'Tis not what thou need'st
fear,

What Danger does in this fair Fruit appear ?
We have been cozen'd, and had still been so,
Had I not ventur'd boldly first to know,
Yet not I first, I almost blush to say,
The Serpent eating taught me first the Way.
The Serpent tasted, and the God-like Fruit,
Gave the Dumb, Voice, gave Reason to the Brute.

Adam. O fairest of all Creatures, last and best,
Of what Heaven made, how art thou dispossest

And F A L L o f M A N . 41

g D e f all thy native Glories ! fall'n ! decay'd !
y. Pity so rare a Frame so frail was made !)
ase now Cause of thine own Ruin ! and with thine,
Ah ! who can live without thee !) cause of
mine !

Eve. Reserve thy Pity till I want it more :
know myself much happier than before ;
more wise, more perfect, all I wish to be,
ere I but sure, alas ! of pleasing thee.

Adam. Y'have shown how much you may Content design :
et, ah ! would Heav'n's Displeasure pass like
mine !

Just I without you, then, in wild Woods dwell !
hink, and but think of what I lov'd so well :
ondemn'd to live with Subjects ever mut'c ;
salvage Prince, unpleas'd, tho' absolute.

Eve. Please then yourself with me, and freely
taste,
est I, without you, should to Godhead hastle ;
est, differing in degree, you claim too late
nequal Love, when 'tis deny'd by Fate.

Adam. Cheat not your self with Dreams of
Deity ;
oo well, but yet too late, your Crime I see :
or think the Fruit your Knowledge does im-
prove ;
ut you have Beauty still, and I have Love.
ot cozen'd, I with Choice my Life resign :
prudence was your Fault, but Love is mine.

Takes the Fruit, and eats it. Eve embracing
him.

Eve. O wond'rous Pow'r of matchless Love ex-
prest !
hy was this Trial thine of loving best ?

I envy

42 The State of INNOCENCE:

I envy thee that Lot ; and, could it be,
Would venture something more than Death for
thee :

Not that I fear that Death th' Event can prove ;
We're both Immortal, while so well we love.

Adam. Whate'er shall be th' Event, the Lot is
cast :

Where Appetites are giv'n, what Sin to taste ?
Or if a Sin, 'tis but by Precept such :
Th' Offence so small, the Punishment's too much,
To seek so soon his new-made World's Decay :
Nor we, nor that, were fashion'd for a Day.

Eve. Give to the Winds thy Fear of Death, or
Ill ;

And think us made but for each other's Will.

Adam. I will, at least, defer that anxious Thought,
And Death, by Fear, shall not be nigher brought :
If he will come, let us to Joys make haste ;
Then let him seize us when our Pleasure's past.
We'll take up all before, and Death shall find
We have drain'd Life, and left a Void behind.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucif. 'Tis done.

Sick Nature, at that Instant, trembled round,
And Mother Earth sigh'd as she felt the Wound.
Of how short Durance was this new-made State !
How far more mighty than Heav'n's Love, Hell's

Hate !

His Project ruin'd, and his King of Clay :
He form'd an Empire for his Foe to sway.
Heav'n let him rule, which by his Arms he got ;
I'm pleas'd to have obtain'd the second Lot.
This Earth is mine, whose Lord I made my
Thrall,
Annexing to my Crown his conquer'd Ball.

Loos'd

E : *And F A L L of M A N.* 43

h soos'd from the Lakes, my Legions I will lead,
e; and, o'er the dark'ned Air, black Banners spread :
Lot i Contagious Damps, from hence, shall mount a-
ch, bove,
ht: and force him to his inmost Heav'n's remove.

A Clap of Thunder is heard.

ch, He hears already, and I boast too soon ;
e; dread that Engine which secur'd his Throne :
h, o I'll dive below his Wrath, into the Deep,
ght, And waste that Empire which I cannot keep.

[Sinks down.]

Raphael and Gabriel descend.

Raphael. As much of Grief as Happiness ad-
mits,
In Heav'n, on each Cœlestial Forehead sits :
Kindness for Man, and Pity for his Fate,
May mix with Bliss, and yet not violate.
Their Heavenly Harps a lower Strain began,
And in soft Musick mourn'd the Fall of Man.

Gabriel. I saw th' Angelick Guards from Earth
ascend,
(Griev'd they must now no longer Man attend :)
The Beams about their Temples dimly shone,
One would have thought the Crime had been their
own.

Th'Etherial People flock'd for News in haste,
Whom they, with down-cast Looks, and scarce fa-
luting, past :

While each did, in his penive Breast prepare
A sad Account of their successless Care.

Raphael. Th'Eternal yet, in Majesty severe,
And strictest Justice, did mild Pity bear :

Their

44 The State of INNOCENCE:

Their Death's deferr'd, and Banishment (the
Doom)

In Penitence foreseen, leaves Mercy room,
Gabriel. That Message is thy Charge, mine leave
me hence,

Plac'd at the Garden's Gate, for its Defence ;
Lest Man returning, the best Place pollute,
And 'scape from Death, by Life's immortal Fruit.

[Another Clap of Thunder]

[Exeunt several]

Enter Adam and Eve, affrighted.

Adam. In what dark Cavern shall I hide my
Head ?

Where seek Retreat, now Innocence is fled ?
Safe in that Guard, I durst ev'n Hell defy ;
Without it, tremble now, when Heav'n is nigh.

Eve. What shall we do, or where direct our
Flight ?

Eastward as far as I could cast my Sight,
From op'ning Heav'n I saw descending Light ;
It's glittering through the Trees I still behold ;
The Cedar-Tops seem all to burn with Gold.

Adam. Some Shape Divine, whose Beams I can
not bear ;
Would I were hid where Light could not appear,
Deep into some thick Covert would I run,
Impenetrable to the Stars, or Sun ;
And fenc'd from Day by Night's eternal Skreen ;
Unknown to Heaven, and to my self unseen.

Eve. In vain ; what hope to shun his piercing
Sight,

Who, from dark Chaos, struck the Sparks of Light ?

Adam. These should have been your Thoughts
when parting hence ;
You trusted : o your guideless Innocence.

And FALL of M A N . 45

See now th' Effects of your own wilful Mind :
Guilt walks before us, Death pursues behind.
fatal 'twas to seek Temptations out :
lost Confidence has still most Cause to doubt.

Eve. Such might have been thy Hap, alone af-
fail'd ; and so, together, might we both have fail'd.

urst Vassalage of all my future Kind :
first idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fire be o'er,
then Slave to those who courted us before.

Adam. I counsell'd you to stay ; your Pride re-
fus'd :

your own lawless Will you stand accus'd.

Eve. Have you that Privilege of any wise,
d would you yield to her you so despise ?
u should have shewn th' Authority you boast,
d, Sov'reign - like, my head - strong Will have
cross'd.

unsel was not enough to sway my Heart ;
absolute Restraint had been your part.

Adam. Even such Returns do they deserve to
find,

en Force is lawful, who are fondly kind.

like my Love : For when thy Guilt I knew,
ar'd the Curse which did that Crime pursue.

nd Fate of Love ! which Rigour did forbear,
now 'tis tax'd, because 'twas not severe.

I can ve. You have, yourself, your Kindness over-
paid ;

ear, ceases to oblige, who can upbraid.

Adam. On Woman's Virtue, who too much
rely,

en ; boundless Will give boundless Liberty.

ercing raint you will not brook ; but think it hard

Light ! Prudence is not trusted as your Guard :

oughts to yourselves so left, if Ill ensues,

first our weak Indulgence will accuse.

be that Hour —————— When

See

46 The State of INNOCENCE:

When fated with my single Happiness,
I chose a Partner to controul my Bliss;
Who wants that Reason which her Will shou
fsway,

And knows but just enough to disobey.

Eve. Better with Brutes, my humble Lot ha
gone,

Of Reason void, accountable for none:
Th' unhappiest of Creation is a Wife,
Made lowest in the highest Rank of Life:
Her Fellow's Slave; to know, and not to chuse:
Curst with that Reason she must never use.

Adam. Add, that She's proud, fantastick, apt
change;

Useless at home, and ever prone to range:
With Shows delighted, and so vain is She,
She'll meet the Devil, rather than not see.
Our wife Creator, for his Choirs Divine,
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all Masculine.
Ah! Why must Man from Woman take his Birth?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
This fair Defect, this helpless Aid, call'd Wife;
The bending Crutch of a decrepit Life.
Posterity no Pairs from you shall find,
But such as by Mistake of Love are join'd:
The worthiest Men, their Wishes ne'er shall gain
But see the Slaves they scorn, their Loves obtain.
Blind Appetite shall your wild Fancies rule;
False to Desert, and faithful to a Fool.

Turns in Anger from her, and is going off.

Eve kneeling.] Unkind! wilt thou forsake me
Distress,

For that which now is past me to redress?
I have misdone; and I endure the Smart:
Loth to acknowledge, but more loth to part:

Raph
T Sin,

E: And F A L L o f M A N. 47

The Blame be mine ; you warn'd, and I refus'd,
What wou'd you more ? I have my self accus'd.
I was plighted Faith so weakly seal'd Above ;
That, for one Error, I must lose your Love ?
Had you so err'd, I should have been more kind,
Than to add Pain to an afflicted Mind.

Adam. You're grown much humbler than you
were before :

pardon you ; but see my Face no more.

Eve. Vain Pardon, which includes a greater
Ill :

still displeas'd, but let me see you still.

Without your much-lov'd Sight I cannot live :

You more than kill me, if you so forgive.

The Beasts, since we are fall'n, their Lords de-
spise ;

And, passing, look at me with glaring Eyes ;

But I then wander helpless and alone ?

You'll pity me too late when I am gone.

Adam. Your Penitence does my Compassion
move ;

As you deserve it, I may give my Love.

Eve. On me alone let Heav'n's Displeasure
fall ;

You merit none, and I deserve it all.

Adam. You all Heav'n's Wrath ! How could you
bear a part,

Who bore not mine, but with a bleeding Heart.

I was too stubborn, thus to make you sue :

Pardon me, I am more in Fault than you.

Return to me, and to my Love return ;

And, both offending, for each other mourn.

Enter Raphael.

Raphael. Of Sin to warn thee, I before was
sent ;

At Sin, I now pronounce thy Punishment.

Yet

48 *The State of INNOCENCE:*

Yet that much lighter than thy Crimes require ;
Th'All-Good does not his Creatures Death desire :
Justice must punish the Rebellious Deed :
Yet punish so, as Pity shall exceed.

Adam. I neither can dispute his Will, nor dare ;
Death will dismiss me from my future Care ;
And lay me softly in my Native Dust,
To pay the Forfeit of ill-manag'd Trust.

Eve. Why seek you Death ? Consider e'er you
speak ;
The Laws were hard, the Pow'r to keep them
weak.

Did we solicitate Heav'n to mould our Clay,
From Darkness, to produce us to the Day ?
Did we concur to Life, or chuse to be ?
Was it our Will which form'd, or was it He ?
Since 'twas his Choice, not ours, which plac'd us
here,

The Laws we did not chuse, why should we bear ?

Adam. Seel not in vain our Maker to accuse :
Terms were propos'd ; Power left us to refuse.
The Good we have enjoy'd from Heav'n's Free
will,

And shall we murmur to endure the Ill ?
Should we a Rebel-Son's Excuse receive,
Because he was begot without his Leave ?
Heav'n's Right in us is more; first form'd to
serve,

The Good we merit not, the Ill deserve.

Raphael. Death is deserr'd, and Penitence has
Room

To mitigate, if not reverse the Doom :
But, for your Crime, th'Eternal does ordain,
In *Eden* you no longer shall remain.
Hence to the lower World you are exil'd :
This Place with Crimes, shall be no more deserv'd.

And FALL of M A N. 49

Eve. Must we this blissful Paradise forego?

Raphael. Your Lot must be where Thorns and

Thistles grow

Unbid, as Balm and Spices did at first;

of Man, the Earth, of which he was, is curst.

To Adam. By thy own Toil procur'd, thou Food
shalt eat,

and know not Plenty, but from painful Sweat.

you he, by a Curse, of future Wives abhor'd,

shall pay Obedience to her lawful Lord;

them and H E shall rule, and She in Thralldom live,

Desiring more of Love than Man can give.

Adam. Heav'n is all Mercy; Labour I would
chuse,

and could sustain this Paradise to lose

The Bliss; but not the Place; here could I say,

Leav'n's winged Messenger did pass the Day;

Under this Pine the glorious Angel staid:

Then show my wond'ring Progeny the Shade.

In Woods and Lawns where-e'er thou didst appear,

Each Place some Monument of thee should bear.

With green Turfs, would grateful Altars raise,

And Heav'n, with Gums and offer'd Incense,

praise.

Raphael. Where-e'er thou art, He is, th' Eternal

Mind

As through all Places, is to none confin'd;

Ocean, Earth, and Air, and all above,

And through the Universal Mass does move;

Thou canst be no where distant: Yet this Place

Had been thy Kingly Seat; and here thy Race,

From all the Ends of peopled Earth had come

To rev'rence thee, and seek their Native Home.

Immortal then; now Sickness, Care, and Age,

And War, and Luxury's more direful Rage,

By Crimes have brought, to shorten Mortal

Breath,

With all the numerous Family of Death.

D

Eve.

50. The State of INNOCENCE:

Eve. My Spirits faint, while I those Ills fore.
know,
And find myself the sad Occasion too.
But what is Death?

Raphael. In Vision thou shalt see his grisly Face,
The King of Terrors raging in thy Race :
That whilst in future Fate thou shar'st thy Part,
A kind Remorse, for Sin, may seize thy Heart.

The Scene shifts, and discovers Death of several
sorts : A Battle at Land, and Naval Fight.

Adam! O wretched Offspring ! O unhappy
State
Of all Mankind, by me betray'd to Fate !
Born, though my Crime, to be Offenders first ;
And, for those Sins they could not shun, accurst.

Eve. Why is Life forc'd ? No Man, who, might
he chuse,
Would not accept what he with Pain must lose ?
Unknowing, he receives it, and when known,
He thinks it his, and values it, 'tis gone.

Raphael. Behold of ev'ry Age ; ripe Manhood
see,
Decrepit Years, and helpless Infancy :
Those who by lingering Sicknes lose their Breath,
And those who by despair stubborn their Death :
See you, mad Fools, who for some trivial Right,
For Love, or for mistaken Honour fight :
See those, more mad, who throw their Lives
away

In needless Wars ; the Stakes which Monarchs
lay,

When for each other, Provinces they play.
Then, as if Earth too narrow were for Fate,
On open Seas, their Quarrels they debate ;
In hollow Wood, they floating Armies bear ;
And force imprison'd Winds to bring 'em near.

Eve.

And F A L L of M A N .

51

Eve. Who would the Miseries of Man fore-
know?

Not knowing, we but share our part of woe :
Now, we the Fate of futur Ages bear ;
And e'er the Birth, behold our Dead appear.

Adam. The Deaths thou show'st are forc'd, and
full of Strife ;
Cast headlong from the Precipice of Life.
Is there no smooth descent, no painless way
Of kindly mixing with our Native Clay ?

Raphael. There is ; but rarely shall that Path be
trod,
Which, without Horror, leads to Death's abode.
Some few, by temp'ranea taught, approaching slow,
To distant Fate, by calme Journeys, go :
Gently they lay 'em down, as Ev'ning Sheep,
On their own woolly Fleeces softly sleep.

Adam. So noiseless would I live, such Death to
find,
Like timely Fruit, not shaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the suplest Bough,
And dying, nothing to myself would owe.

Eve. Thus daily changing, with a duller taste
Of lessening Joys, I, by degrees, would waste :
Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd decay,
And steal my self from Life, and melt away.

Raphael. Death you have seen : How happy they in deathless Pleasure live,
Far more than I can show or you can see,
Shall crown the blosom with Immortality.

Here a Heaven descends, full of Angels and Blessed
Spirits, with soft Musicks, a Song and Chorus.

Adam. O Goodness ! infinite ! whose Heav'nly
Will can so much Good produce, from so much Ill !
Happy their state !

52 *The State of INNOCENCE:*

Pure, and unchang'd, and needing no defence
From Sins, as did my frailer Innocence.
Their Joy sincere, and with no sorrow mixt,
Eternity stands permanent, and fixt,
And Wheels no longer on the Poles of Time ;
Secure from Fate, and more secure from Crime,

Eve. Ravish'd with Joy, I can but half repent
The Sin Which Heav'n makes happy in th'Event.

Raphael. Thus arm'd, meet firmly your approaching Ill :

For, see the Guards from yon far Eastern Hill
Already move, nor longer stay afford ;
High in the Air they wave their flaming Sword,
Your Signal to depart : Now down amain
They drive, and glide like Meteors through the Plain.

Adam. Then farewell all ; I will indulgent be
To mine own ease, and not look back to see.
When what we love we ne'er must meet again ;
To lose the Thought, is to remove the Pain.

Eve. Farewell, you happy Shades !
Where Angels first should practise Hymns, and sing
Their tuneful Harps, when they to Heav'n wou'd
fing.

Farewell, you Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the cheerful Sun did rear :
Who now shall bind your Stems, or, when you fall,
With Fountains Stems your fainting Souls recal ?
A long farewell to thee, my Nuptial Bow'r,
Adorn'd with every fair and fragrant Flow'r.
And last, farewell, farewell my place of Birth ;
I go to wander in the lower Earth,
As distant as I can ; for dispossess'd,
Farthest from what I once enjoy'd is best.

Raphael. The rising Winds urge the tempestuous
Air ;
And on their Wings deformed Winter bear.

The

The Beasts already feel the Change ; and hence
They fly, to deeper Coverts for defence ;
The feebler Herd before the stronger run ;
For now the War of Nature is begun :
But, part you hence in Peace, and having mourn'd
your Sin,
For outward *Eden* lost, find *Paradise* within.

[*Exeunt.*]

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